

Aim At The Marvelouses

Yesterday, a fat-tuberous
begonia day, on the stone wall
dividing me from my Baptist
neighbor, I took my weapon —
a something-gun with bow and
arrow and javelin attachments
a something old and new like poetry
and shot at the marvelouses in
the air which chirped around me
with all the feathery felony of
brokers at their daughters' prom.

What are you shooting at? my
B. neighbor asked ... A poem,
I says, a goldarn poem with
no symbols. Your shirt is hanging
out, he said. Indeed, I says, because
I'm shooting poems, I'm shooting
at the marvelouses over your head.

Roger & Check, he said, but this
is 1965, and it was in 1960 and
before that you let your shirt
hang out; we all did; what will
you think of hanging out next?
Indeedy, I says, and I sang him
a Sanky hymn, shot another marvelous,
one already maimed by all his prose.
Indeedy-de, but this is a 1960 —
before or just behind — poem
and it won't be marvelous or
be bedeviled with beard or down.

— David Cornel DeJong

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Notes:

The second series of (ff. the good first series) Columbia essays
on mod. writers has been pub.: Michel Butor (Leon Roudiez), Eugene
Ionesco (leonard Pronko) -- and apparently lacking signif. mod. men
already, they have issued E. M. Forster (Harry T. Moore) and C. P.
Snow (Robt. Gorham Davis) 65¢ per fm. Columbia Univ. Press, 2960
Broadway, N. Y. 27, N. Y. The rival Univ. of Minn. pamphlets on
Am. writers continue to be pub. to the detriment of Am. Lit. vis.
Reed Whittenmore's naive Little Magazines (#32), and the latest
Hart Crane (Monroe K. Spears) which ignores the Greenberg manu-
scripts except for a carefully casual note on page 27 — all 48 in
this series 65¢ per fm. Univ. Minn. Press, Minneapolis 14, Minn.